

# Silent Eyes

Paul Simon

Silent eyes  
Watching Jerusalem  
Make her bed of stonesSilent eyes  
No one will comfort her  
Jerusalem weeps aloneShe is sorrow, sorrow  
She burns like a flame  
And she calls my nameSilent eyes  
Burning in the desert sun halfway to Jerusalem  
And we shall all be called as witnesses

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>